

Long Time, No See. by Naive_Squelch

Series: [Dreams Have Secrets Too. \[2\]](#)

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Afterlife, Clairvoyance, Dead Pennywise (IT), Depression, Eddie Kaspbrak is a Mess, F/M, Implied/Referenced Character Death, M/M, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris Are Best Friends, Soul-Searching, Spirit Animals, The Losers Club Have Powers (IT), Time Skips, Torture

Language: English

Characters: Bob Newby, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Frank Kaspbrak, Georgie Denbrough, Henry Bowers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maturin | The Turtle, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Original Characters, Patrick Hockstetter, Richie Tozier, Robin Buckley, Sonia Kaspbrak, Steve Harrington, The Party (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

He wished Richie was here. He would've made him laugh no matter what joke he told. He would've made this situation a little bit better- he and Richie could've both lived here! They could've had their happy ever after like in those story books. Too bad he was dead- or was he?

IM BACK BITCHESSS 🤪🤪

1. Take Me Home.

Notes for the Chapter:

Warnings;

.Imprisonment

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- Hawkins Indiana - 1986 - November 15th -

It had been three days- three cruel, foolish, obnoxious-full days- since Richie had died. Eddie still remembers the look of pure shock and disbelief Karen had on her face when he and Mike Wheeler told her. Eddie's still pretty sure that when she excused herself from the room, she went to cry.

When anyone had asked how he... passed away, the Losers and the Party said that they were exploring the Lab when suddenly, part of it had collapsed. Apart from Jonathan, Nancy and Steve- those three new when to smell a lie and forced the truth out of them.

Which brings Eddie to where he is now- lying on Hopper's old sofa listening to Jim and his mother argue in front of cabin.

His mother.

He knew that writing a note was a bad idea. The note which was written about where he was going and what time he was going to come back. Bad idea.

"HE NEEDS ME!" She shrieked at the detective. "YOU CAN'T TAKE ME AWAY FROM HIM!"

Eddie got out of bed and went to the kitchen. Eleven was sitting at the table eating eggos.

"Hey, El." He waved at the younger girl. "What's Hopper doing outside with my mom?"

Her eyes widened.

"Your mom?" She asked.

They both rushed out of the cabin, Eleven sadly abandoning her half-eaten Eggos. As soon as his mother had seen him, she tried to rush towards him but Jim stopped her.

"EDDIE!" The woman wailed. "EDDIE, YOU NEED TO SAVE ME!"

The small boy watched as the officer cuff his mom and pushed her into the back of the cop car. Eddie could still hear her crying as the car drove further and further away.

"Eleven, did my mom just get....arrested?"

The brunet-haired girl nodded her head slowly.

"What the fuck?"

His breathing started to pick up. Was his mom going to jail? How long would she be there for? Was he going to be alright? Before he knew it, all of these thoughts were triggering an asthma panic attack. Okay Eddie- take deep breaths. Deep breaths. Everything's going to be fine!

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- Hawkins Indiana - 1986 - November 16th -

As it turned out...

Everything was *not* fine.

After Hopper had come home, the man didn't tell Eddie anything! - How was *THAT* fair? For all he knew, he could be sent into foster care! Luckily for him, Jim 'caved' the next day when Eddie kept demanding answers. Apparently, Hopper had contacted the Derry police after the Losers told them about Pennywise. At first, he wonders why Hopper freaked out about that, but then he realises that he talked about his Placebos.

"Y-You can't do that!" Eddie screamed at the officer. "You have no evidence against her- that means you can't arrest her!"

Hopper patted the boy's head.

"Eddie, they found a whole cabinet full of sugar pills in the bathroom and consulted with the pharmacist, Mr Keene. Apparently you mom had been threatening him and forcing him to give you the 'medicine'. Some of your other doctors said so too."

Eddie bit his lip, feeling tears well up in his eyes.

"I don't know if I should tell you this, but she also threatened an officer, me- that can land with up to three-hundred and sixty-five days of jail time. Add that up with six years for child-abuse and *then* the consequences of resisting arrest- six months to two years of jail time. We can't just let a criminal go like that!"

The teenager looked up to meet the eyes of the man.

"Nine years."

"What?" Jim asked.

"I'll be twenty-six years old by the time she comes out."

"Maybe even longer." Jim added.

Eddie fell to his knees.

"Where would I stay? I still have another year until I'm eighteen!"

Hopper made eye contact with his daughter, Eleven.

"Maybe," He grunts. "I can talk to Joyce and see if you can stay with us."

"I thought you and mom lived in separate houses." El spoke up.

James turned a shade of red.

"I forgot to tell you. We're moving- not out of Hawkins. We both know how much you like your friends."

Before Eddie could deny the offer, as much as he didn't want to, Eleven dragged him off into her room.

"I've always wanted a brother!" She squealed.

"I thought Jonathan and Will were your brothers. Wait, I'm not your brother!"

She laughed.

"Well- maybe you could be. Dad could adopt you."

Eddie thought for a moment. What if they did adopt him? He imagines that they'd be kind and let him go out with his friends. They'd help him with all his homework instead of locking him I his room like Sonia did when he couldn't answer a certain question. Hopper could be the father he never had- WAIT!

He shouldn't think like that! He has a mom. Sure, she would probably be sent to a mental Hospital or something, but she was his only family left! His parents only wanted one child- that's what his mommy told him. He's not sure if his dad wanted more kids.- his dad died of cancer when he was five years old.- his grandparents died long ago and none of his parents had any siblings.

But all of that could change if he-

STOP!

He needed to stop thinking about leaving his mother.

But all of those placebos.

She told him he was sick.

She lied.

To protect him!

Lied.

Lied.

Lied.

To keep him safe.

LIED!

He ran to the bathroom as fast as he could, ignoring El and Hopper's worried glances. He needed a safe place.

He wished Richie was here. He would've made him laugh no matter what joke he told. He would've made this situation a little bit better- he and Richie could've both lived here! They could've had their happy ever after like in those story books.

A single tear rolled down his chin.

-

- ??? -

It was dark. Dark and cold.

What was going on?

Wait-

He didn't...die... right?

Oh fuck.

Richie Tozier was sure he was dead, wasn't he? Yes, he was! He died in Hawkins Laboratory. Then why did he feel alive? What the fuck was happening?

That's when he looked up and saw the bird-obsessed boy of his childhood.

"It's all your fault."

"Stan?"

"If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't have died. Why did you have to kill me, Richie?"

Richie's eyes widened in realisation. This wasn't Stan- this was his own personal nightmare!

But if Stanley was dead too, Richie had to find him.

He needed to find Stan.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey everyone! Sorry for the long delay, the first chapters (in my opinion) are always the hardest to make. Hope you liked it anyways! And a thank you to all the people that gave kudos even though there were only four words.

Song:

Nurse's Office - Melanie Martinez

2. Don't You Want To Get Away?

Notes for the Chapter:

Warning:

.Mentions of character death/suicide

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- ??? -

He needed to find Stan.

"You killed me."

Richie put his hands over his ears, but he could still hear the echoing sound of 'Stan' around him. It-it wasn't fair! He knew that he killed Stan! It was all of his fault!

If only he hadn't phoned him in the first place- none of this would've happened! -And then when Pennywise came and ruined everything! Killing little children... but he was the one who killed Georgie.

The tall and Lanky boy looked around the place- still trying to ignore all of the screams from inside of him.

"Riiicchhiieeee." His nightmare taunted.

He ran to one of the corners of the dark cave and sat down with his head in his lap.

"Why did you have to kill me?"

"I'm sorry, Stan." The boy wailed with tears in his eyes. "Why did I have to kill you? It's all my fault!"

He started to dig his nails into his arms in agony.

Suddenly, he removed his hands from his arms and started to pull his

hair. It doesn't matter that it was his fault. Stan was still gone and Richie needed to find him. It was obvious that he was in, as the Christians call it, Hell. But- maybe it wasn't.

The fake Stan started to giggle uncontrollably.

Yep- he was definitely in Hell. Like he could go into Heaven- if it was real. Wait. Didn't one of his Religious teachers tell everyone about the ways to get into the two sides of the universe.

Stan... defeated... himself. So that means...

He was experiencing Hell too.

-

Eddie and Eleven were left alone in the cabin, Hopper had gone on a date with Joyce and thought that Eddie and Eleven could look after themselves. Eleven called Max and asked if she wanted to come 'round too, she said yes.

Those events lead to the two girls putting make-up on each other in the middle of the cabin on the couch with Eddie watching from the side-lines.

Eleven had just finished doing Max's eyeliner when she asked, "Hey, Eddie, do you want to come and help us?"

The ginger-haired girl's eyes widened.

"Can't he go and read comics at Mike's house or something?" She whispered.

Blush started to creep up the boy's cheeks.

"Dad said he had to look after me until he comes back."

"Well that's bullshit. You've been able to stay here by yourself ever since you were thirteen! Why do you need some boy to look after you now?"

Eddie stood up and started to walk towards them.

"You know that I can hear you."

"Good." Max stated angrily. "Why do you even stay here. Aren't you going to go back home to Derry? I don't know if you've noticed but all of your friends have already left."

"Hopper arrested my mom."

There was a defining silence for around three seconds.

"Oh."

Eleven bit her lip, she felt the need to rid of all of the awkward tension.

"Well," She started. "Why don't we both do Eddie's make-up?"

"But he's a boy. They don't like make-up unless it's on the girl they're kissing."

Eddie really wanted to prove the red-head wrong. I guess that's why he interrupted to two by saying, "I want you to do my mother-fucking make-up! I don't care if it's just for girls."

Max seemed reluctant.

"Please." Jane begged.

"Fine."

Eddie watched as the two friends grabbed some of the powdery substances and ruin them with cheap brushes. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea- but he wouldn't tell them that.

"So, Eddie, how old are you?" Max questioned.

"I turned seventeen in September. I'm the oldest out of all of my friends- they're all sixteen."

"Too bad you're not as tall as them, huh?" She joked, bringing Eleven into a fit of giggles.

Eddie rolled his eyes.

"Well at least I don't have a friend with red hair-wait."

Max and Jane started to laugh so hard that they may as well of been screaming. Soon enough, the giggles started get infectious making Eddie chuckle with them.

After the giggles had died down, turning them into smiles, The two girls started to do his lip gloss. When they had finally finished, they brought him to the mirror in the bathroom.

He actually looked... *good*.

A couple of seconds after checking himself out, Max and El shared a very long eye contact. Before he knew it, El was passing him one of her skirts and a top and pushing him into her room to get changed without them seeing his underwear.

He took off his clothes and grabbed the skirt first, pulling it up to his hips and doing the zipper at the side. Then he got the top and put it on carefully, making sure it didn't smudge the hard-work on his face.

Jane knocked on the door, asking if he was ready. He answered with a yes.

He really did look amazing.

-And maybe this town has some perks.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry I haven't been active for the last few days, I had some writers block but it's over now. :)

Song:

The Other Side - Zac Efron & Hugh Jackman

3. Stand A Little Taller.

Notes for the Chapter:

Warning:

. Homophobic language.

. References to suicide.

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- ??? -

The fake Stan had decided to disintegrate as time went on, making Richie keep getting more and more horrified from each horror of an illusion.

Soon enough, an illusion with blonde hair and pale skin appeared before him.

Connor Bowers.

The boy who he had played with in the arcade in the Aladdin.

The boy who called him a fairy.

The boy whose cousin was none-other than Henry.

The boy who was scared, just like him.

The boy who apologised a couple of days after the incident and exchanged numbers with.

"You're such a fucking fairy. No-one will ever love you!"

"NOT THIS SHIT AGAIN!" Richie screamed.

"It's a good job you're dead with all of the other faggots."

His eyes widened. Sure, Connor called him a couple of names to defend himself from his cousin- but he didn't go as far as that!

"You're not even funny. You have to hide behind bad jokes to make sure no-one finds out your dirty, little secret. You're FAKE!"

All of the words Bowers said had hurt him, deeply. Mostly because everything he said was true. He was fake and hiding his true self. Not even his friends knew him as what he really was.

Apart from Stan.

Stan, the boy who liked watching birds as a hobby.

Stan, the boy who stood up to his father at his bar mitzvah.

Stan, the boy who once got pushed into the snow so much, his face had started to bleed.

Stan, the boy who was true to himself.

Stan, the boy who knew he faking.

Stan, the boy who told him to be proud of who he was.

Stanley- his best-friend.

Richie suddenly got a rush of courage.

He wasn't brave like Eddie. He wasn't a leader like Bill. He wasn't hot like Ben. He wasn't as true as Beverly. He wasn't strong like Mike or Stan.

But he could stop being afraid.

He took his arms and raised them towards the fake Connor.

"YOU'RE WRONG!" He roared. "MY FRIENDS LOVED ME. EDDIE LOVED ME!"

"Oh really?" The hologram 'pouted'. "Are you sure it wasn't just pity?"

Richie ignored it.

"Stan loved me!"

"He hated you!" It hissed. *"He killed himself because he hated you."*

"No." The black-haired boy denied

"What?"

"He killed himself because he knew what would happen. He knew what had happened." He corrected himself. "He knew that I killed Georgie."

The illusion of Connor smiled right before taking itself apart, literally, it slowly started to morph into something someone else.

That someone being... his mom?

"You're a monster!" It shrieked. *"You killed that poor boy and me! You're own mother."*

"You're right."

The illusion turned its head in confusion, furrowing its eyebrows in question.

"What?" It whispered.

"I am a monster."

His voices had started to get deeper the more he spoke.

"I did kill Georgie- I didn't want to but I did. If I hadn't of called Stan, he wouldn't have died."

His 'mom' walked back slowly.

"But you... what are you really? An ugly beast hired to make my life miserable? A ghost made to haunt me forever? You might even be nothing."

It started to cower in fear as Richie walked closer and closer, ready to

show its true self.

"That's right." The boy praised. **"You might think you're so dark. But I'm superior to you. I am way more powerful than you'll ever be."**

Whatever the thing was which was pretending to be his mother started shedding its skin away, showing-

A toad?

It gurgled before hopping around the place.

"What the fuck?" Richie asked. Suddenly, he dropped down to his knees so he was level with the overgrown frog. He stared into its eyes for a couple of minutes, until he lifted his hands out, cupping them together. The toad jumped onto his hands.

Then, the brown, ugly toad opened its mouth and pierced into Richie's skin, drinking the blood that had started to flow upwards. Richie gave a loud yelp.

"AH!" A tear decided to slip onto his pasty skin, trickling down his face until it splashed onto the fat frog. **"WHAT WAS THAT FOR?" He screamed.**

It croaked.

Before the boy could decide what to do next, he replied with; **"Of course you were."** And a roll of the eyes.

Richie's eyes had turned so wide that he probably could've seen the whole world around them.

The toad croaked again.

"...What?"

The young boy had previously just talked to a toad- and he felt as if he knew what it was saying.

It kept croaking and gurgling.

"Slow down!"

It stopped.

He can't believe what he's doing. **"Okay, now that we've calmed down, what's your name?"**

It opened its jaw and roared- a normal, toad-sounding sound.

"So, your name is Wilhelm?"

Wilhelm gave a small nod- because of its giant head.

"Well I guess you'll be coming with me then."

-

"So, what do you think we should do now?" Asked a very bored Max.

Eleven and Eddie shrugged.

'What should we do?' Eddie thought. He still had the make-up and skirt on and kept thinking about what his mommy would do if he saw himself right now. Probably scream and try to rip it off of him. He really needed to stop thinking about her.

That's when he got an idea. An idea that would probably give his younger self an aneurism.

"Hey, Max."

She turned her head to look at him.

"What?"

"You have a skateboard, right?"

Notes for the Chapter:

!!!READ THIS NOTE!!!

Okay, first of all I'd like to apologise for not being as active as I was in Always Forgive, Never Forget,

where I upload a couple of times a week. It's just that life's kind of getting hard and I'll keep continuing this book as it one of the many things that make me happy. But a couple of weeks ago I found out that my grandpa had passed away as well as my great-grandmother. Yesterday, I went to his funeral and said goodbye to him. So, as I said before, that is the reason I don't update much but I'll try to release a chapter every week or so.

-Getting all the bad news out the way, I really want you to remember that the Toad in this story is an OC. There will be a couple of hints to Stephan Kings Dark Tower series but since I have not read the books, I'm going to use some of the information on the Stephan Kings Wiki page. There will be future references to the six beams and twelve guardians. AKA; the hare, the bear, the horse, the dog, the eagle, the elephant, the rat, the wolf, the fish, the bat, the lion and the turtle. But for the sake of the story; there will be over twelve guardians and each of them will be siblings (because I want them to be). Some of the other guardians will be the spider (Pennywise- in case you didn't know) and the Toad/frog- whatever you'd like to call it.)

And yes, I did decide to call the toad/frog Wilhelm.

-

Song:

Stronger - Kelly Clarkson

4. Disrespect Your Mother.

Notes for the Chapter:

This is a filler chapter- that's why it's so short. Also, in this fic, Eddie has Jack Dylan Grazer's hair when it had first started to grow, like a bit after the IT 2 Premier.

-

- Hawkins Indiana - 1986 - November 15th -

"I can't do it!" Eddie wailed. "It's too hard and I'm gonna fall off again!"

Max had been trying to teach Eddie how to ride her skateboard for a couple of hours. Let's just say... he wasn't very good at it. The small boy kept falling off and losing balance. He was starting to think that maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

Max rolled her eyes.

"Well if you don't want to do it you can just go to Mike's house and play D and D or something."

Eddie picked himself up from the ground which he had previously fell on. "No! I want to learn, it's just... my mom never let me do anything like this!"

"You're mom sounds like a dickhead." The red-head groaned.

"Well that's an understatement. She use to force-feed me fake pills"

"Why would she do that?" Eleven asks politely.

"Well..." Eddie starts. "When I was five years-old my dad died of cancer and then I got bronchitis. My mom said that I couldn't of gone to the doctors because she thought they were evil and gave out fake medication. Kind of ironic actually."

Eddie smiled at one of the memories he had with his father.

"I almost died. I think that's what triggered her to be the way she is. She would've had nothing left."

"That doesn't excuse her for the way she treated you."

"I guess so." He agreed.

Max walked over and picked up the abandoned skateboard before passing it to her new friend.

"Come on, non-stalker. Try it one more time."

He pouted and placed the board onto some of the dirt path. He was surprised when he soon realised that he was actually staying on it this time. But for some reason, he felt an indescribable pull from himself to Max's board. When he finally looked behind him. He realised that Eleven was using her powers.

She was keeping him from falling off.

Max seemed to catch on to what was going on and made a face at the other girl.

"El! He needs to learn how to do it himself!"

"Just trying to help."

Eddie interrupted their bickering by giving a loud cough.

"How about I do something easier to feel like I'm not trapped in my mom's grasp."

"What if we dye your hair!" Max suggested.

"How about... something else..."

"What colour?" El questioned Max.

"Well it can't be something bright and unnatural... like pinks and blues. What about blonde?"

El squealed happily as the curly BRUNETTE started to walk away.

"I am NOT dying my hair blonde!"

-

Eddie was right. He didn't dye his hair... because Max and El did. They did a much better job at what he thought they were going to do.

"Dad should be home soon." Eleven started. "I don't know if he'll be happy with the new hair though."

Max left a couple of minutes after they finished doing his hair. They didn't want to get in trouble for bringing a friend round without asking.

"Well I'm just going to go and wash the makeup off." Eddie waved.

"Why?"

"Because boys don't usually wear makeup."

"Why not?"

"Most people think it's girly and gay." The boy said the last word with a small shiver.

"Boy and boy?"

"Yeah." He bit his lip.

"Like you and Richie?"

"Yes. In my old town, people used to get killed for being gay... please don't tell anyone. Especially not Hopper!"

"Friends don't lie..."

"I guess." Eddie agreed. "But sometimes you've got to keep things to yourself. Secret."

She nodded her head. "Secret."

"A couple of seconds before he had gone through the door he told her, "I'm not gay by the way. I like girls too."

And if that didn't confuse El, nothing could.

Notes for the Chapter:

Yes. I did make Eddie bisexual... mostly because in the book, he had a crush on Gretta for a while. I know Richie married a girl for a while but... he's gay in my story.

5. PLEASE READ !!!

Hi,

I know I haven't been updating recently and I probably won't make more chapters until a few weeks or months. You see, I'm trying to find myself and who I'm meant to be. A lot of you may or may not understand this but I hope you support my decision.

I've been feeling a lot... dysphoric recently. I want to be completely honest with you so I'll tell you all that I'm coming out as bisexual and I'm pretty sure that I'm non-binary but I'd still like to see for myself and what I feel I should be.

I'll probably update from time to time but they won't be as long as they used to be.

I'm deeply sorry for what has happened.

Goodbye for now.

Notes for the Chapter:

Follow me on Tumblr :

naive1squelch

6. Last Breath.

Summary for the Chapter:

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- ??? -

He could hear something. He doesn't know what it is, but he can hear it.

He can hear the cries and wails.

He feels the hurt that the sound was feeling.

He can sense water.

He can sense salt.

Where was he?

He could feel sand between his toes.

Wait, was he at a beach?

He hasn't been to the beach in a long time.

Wait- yes he has! He goes to the beach all the time-

But the sound hasn't been there in so long.

The sound hasn't gone anywhere in so long...

"HELLO!" He screamed. "WHERE ARE YOU?!"

The whimpers became louder.

He needed to find the sound!

He needed to open his eyes!

"Open!" He demanded. **"Just open your eyes!"**

He started walking forward- not aware of his surroundings.

"OPEN YOUR MOTHER-FUCKING EYES!"

Why isn't he seeing anything clearly?

"OPEN YOUR GOD-DAMN EYES, YOU SON OF A BITCH!"

What's going on? Why is nothing happening?

"Why can't I open them..."

He lifted his hands up to his hair- pulling it as hard as he could.

Suddenly, he could see... it was a blur and the voice was echoey.

He could see someone. A girl? A boy? He can't tell.

The figure had curly blonde hair and blue eyes.

"W-who are you?" The person asked.

Everything was shaking.

"What are you doing here?"

He felt like he couldn't breathe.

"You need to leave!"

The air felt like it was getting sucked out of him.

"Didn't you hear me?"

Water was surrounding him.

"YOU NEED TO LEAVE!"

With one last look, he got dragged under.

He woke up...

Notes for the Chapter:

I'M BACK MOTHER-FUCKERS! I HOPE YOU LIKED THIS CHAPTER AND WILL CONTINUE TO READ MORE. PLEASE REMEMBER THAT I WON'T MAKE LIKE 2-3 CHAPTERS A WEEK LIKE LAST TIME.

Who do you think this chapter is about?

7. Steven's Suspicion.

- Hawkins Indiana - 1986 - November 17th -

Steve Harrington hated many things.

He hated his job.

He hated the word 'Bullshit'.

He hated the monsters and the upside down.

But most importantly,

He hated his dad.

Why? You may ask. Well, Mr Harrington wasn't exactly a caring person. In fact, Steve's sure the only thing his father has ever cared for was his business and his reputation. His mom was a nice person... when she wanted to be.

She never wants to be.

Steve hates his parents so much that not even words could describe how he felt about them. You might be saying he's over exaggerating or just being dramatic, but how would you feel if you didn't even know when your birthday is.

That's right, he doesn't know when he was born. He didn't even know what a birthday was until nine years ago when carol came into school one day with Tommy and showing off some jewellery which she got from her mother.

They both laughed at him when he asked why she got loads of presents on that specific day.

They didn't laugh when they realised he was serious.

"Hey dingus, is something on your mind?" Robyn asked him, shoving the ice cream scooper in his hand.

"Huh, what? Oh- nothing. Just thinking about... doesn't matter." Steve blushed as he walked to scoop some ice-cream for a nice-looking couple in front of him.

"Come on, Popeye. You can tell me..."

He rolled his eyes. "Have a great day." Steve said to the happy couple.

"Steve!"

The man tried to ignore her.

"Steeeve!"

"Fine." He gave in. "I was thinking about all the people in my life who've disappointed me."

She chuckled. "'Disappointed' that's a big word for you. Wait- what?"

"You heard me." He sighed.

Just as Robyn was about to respond, Eddie, Eleven and Will came up to the Ice-cream parlour. Steve furrowed his eyebrows.

"We'll have one vanilla with sprinkles, one chocolate and one blue mint with a flake please." Eddie asked politely.

"Shouldn't you be in school?" Steve questioned.

"Yep. But Hopper decided to let us off for a week. He's just doing all the paperwork for El and Eddie to go to school." Will answered.

Steve prepared the ice-creams before giving them to 'his children'.

As they were walking away, Steve could faintly hear them talking about a bad feeling Will had.

Steve could feel it too.

Something was wrong...

8. Die Alone (Part 1)

- ??? -

Stanley Uris was born alone, so of course it was natural for him to die alone. He's pretty much always been alone though- even with his friends around.

Alone by himself.

Alone with others.

Alone with his thoughts.

Alone.

Alone.

Alone.

Forever.

Well- until he saw Richie. At first, Stan didn't recognise him- Richie usually had a joyous smile and an upbeat personality.

But he just looked... sad.

He looked... confused.

He looked...

Lonely.

When he first saw Richie looking at him- watching him- he was so excited that he wouldn't be lonely anymore- but then he realised that it wouldn't work. Sure, they had been friends for a long time- 14 years to be exact- but they couldn't. Maturin would probably come and banish Richie for talking to him... probably.

To be honest, Stan doesn't even know if he's in 'hell' or 'heaven'. Maybe he's in neither. Maybe both? Maybe this is the way he's

getting tortured? Only getting to see the world through a vision in his mind. Said to be the lonely Jewish boy in a world ruled and made by a turtle. Kind of strange to think about actually.

Too bad he can only think about it by himself.

Stan sat down on a nearby rock.

"I wish I wasn't by himself."

Yep- that's what he wishes for. He doesn't want to come back to life. He doesn't want to become rich or have money. He wants a friend. Someone to talk too.

He guesses that's why he was so surprised when he realised that his wish was granted.

9. Sorry about this... *_*

Hello Everyone, as you may have seen, I've not updated this fic in quite a while. That's because I'm taking a break as I said before, except this time it will be a longer break... A much longer one.

So, for now, this book is going on Hiatus. I do not know when I will go back to continuing it... Maybe a month? A year? I don't know.

Please can you guys respect my decision.

There is some good news though. I will (probably) do other books and such while this fic is on a break. If there is anything you'd like to see, most likely one-shots, comment bellow. Or don't. I don't control you.

If you do want to suggest something, if no-one does I'll just do most of the things I'd like to do- but I really want to see what you come up with, there are a few rules:

1. I will NOT do smut.
2. It can be any fandom you choose or like.
3. I will only be doing one-shots- not full blown stories.
4. It might take a while for your suggestion to come out- so please be patient with me.

That's it- for now. And have a great day.

c:

10. ummm

Summary for the Chapter:

sooo.

Um. Hi!

It's me.

This is kinda strange.... ngl.

ok but like???

um.

Sorry. I really have no words. I am so sorry this got put off for a long time but ill be honest, I probably won't finish this fic :(.

Sorry for all of you out there who wanted this to be continued-

BUT!!!

I'm thinking about rewriting it on another ao3 account i have. I won't tell you the name of the account until the first chapter is created- that is IF I decide to create it.

I have also shifted past this fandom so ill have to try and rejoin it, if Imm succesful the first chapter will probably be released after Stranger Things S4. Cause I've been waiting for ages.

Sooo.... I hope you all have a great day.

And~

HAPPY PRIDE MONTH!!!

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry for taking so long but my break is over and hopefully I'll be posting more stuff on another account I have (from other fandoms) so if anybody has any requests for some fics I could write I really don't mind. No matter what fandom cause let's be honest, I've been in so many fandoms that I probably went into something you like too.

♥☐ Love you all and stay safe!